THE FROZEN VIOLETS.

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

ever lived. She came into our land and

bade us to allow her to plant a tree in the

Bertha and the Queen.

place where her father had died. This tree,

however, was bewitched, it having the pe-culiar quality to kill everybody who would

look at it. On the day that she planted it she invited everybody from my country to be present and see the way she would put the tree in the ground. Well, out of simple

curiosity nearly everybody was there to see her plant the tree, but no sooner did they behold it than they all fell at once dead to

the ground. Fortunately I did not go my-

self, but even those who were not present at first went afterward to find out what became

of their friends. So it happened that all died. I, however,

received a letter from Ogo's daughter in which she stated: "You made me an

orphan when you killed my father. Now I have destroyed all your people to give you a taste of what loneliness means. They are not dead forever, though. Whenever a

poor orphan girl from the upper world can

be induced to come into your country, and she unroots the tree, then all your sub-

jects will be alive again."
This was what Ogo's daughter teld me

and of course I have ever since that time anxiously awaited the arrival of the orphan

girl, but for a long time it was in vain, as you know. At last I hit upon the plan of

planting those violets around the hill, which is the entrance to our country. I

along and I will show you the way to Ogo's

Bertha then followed the queen, and she

soon saw the tree in the distance. But the little girl was astonished when she saw what a big trunk it had, and she hardly had

hope that she would be able to unroot such a big tree as that. However, she at once began to tear up the ground and lay the

oots bare.
It took her a very long time, but when

she thought of the many people, who were now laying like dead all over the country,

new strength seemed to come into her arms and hands. It took her a whole week, but

at last she succeeded. All the roots were now bare and she had only to give the tree

push and it toppled over on the ground. The noise which the fall caused was ter-

rific, and as Bertha looked around she ob-served the people raising their heads from the ground. But none of them did get up.

"I suppose I must cover the tree up." said the little girl to herself, "because they

Then another task was before her. She had to rake up all the loose ground in the

neighborhood to cover up the tree. But she also succeeded with that at last, and

when all the leaves and branches were under the ground, behold! everybody who

had been dead for the last 1,000 years sud-

denly got up as if from a deep sleep.

Bertha now returned to the queen, who received her with open arms, and called

ber the great benefactress of the country.

"What can I do for you to make you happy?" she said to the orphan girl. "Ask for anything, and if it is in my power, I

"I do not want much for myself, but] should like to be rich, that I might help all the orphan children that are now poor." "All right," replied the queen, "your

wish shall be granted. Let me lead you back again into the upper world and you will find very soon what you want. But before you depart let me give you a bunch

came to meet her, calling out: "Here comes Bertha, our kind hearted mistress." They led her toward the castle, and she

were never heard of, and no one knows

What's the Difference?

"My friend, are you looking for work?"

"My friend, your hand! I am not look

ing for work, either. I don't want work.

I want my share of the wealth of this country, and I am going to get it! I'm ready to wade through blood for it if I can't get it

any other way. The country owes me a liv-ing. Isn't that your platform?"
"Ugh! Yes."
"Good! And if women and children stand

in my way they must be killed, too?"
"Ugh! Yes. Kill a heap."
"That's the talk! You're a br

"Ugh! I dunno."
"What are you, anyhow?"
"Ugh! Injun."

what became of them.

Chicago Tribune.

"Ugh! No!"

cannot stand the sight of it.

affect you in the least.

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS,



ITTLE Bertha | unconscious condition. Touching her with girl, who well deserved everybody's pity. frozen violets; may your future be happier phan, her tather and mother having died, while she was but a very few 3ertha had been duncle of hers.

than your past."

Not heeding these remarks, Bertha said: "Where am I and what will become of me?"

"You are in no danger whatever," replied the queen, "do not be afraid, and if you do as I tell you your future happiness will be assured. You will forget that you ever lived with a horrid, hard-hearted woman like your aunt."

"Well, what do you went me to do?" She was an or- than your past."

weeks old. Since then Bertha had been living in the house of an old uncle of hers. But from the first day she entered her uncle's family, her troubles and hardships

Her uncle was very kind to her, it is true, but unfortunately for Bertha he was so rarely at home, she sometimes would not see him for six months. During all that time she remained in the power of her aunt,

who liked Bertha not at all. The nunt had a great number of children and they were all very homely looking girls. But Bertha was a very beautiful child, whose face shone always forth from the ugliness of her cousing like a rose would appear among half a dozen buttercups. It had made her aunt envious, and whenever the opportunity presented itself, the woman began to scold the child for her beauty, as if it were a sin and shame not to have a face that would frighten a dog in the street.

As a result of her auut's anger Berths had to do all the work in the house, while the cousins, the ugly girls, would walk around to show the people their fine dresses and jewelry. None of them would ever forget herself so far as to even wipe a knife or a fork or wash a dish. No; that all remained for Bertha to do. And if she would take it into her head to sit down for a moment and rest, her aunt would pounce down upon her with a broomstick.

Hurry up, you lazy minx," she would scold, "do you think that it might spoil your complexion to do a little work? Mind ou, if you have an idea that I took you into my house and family as an orname you are very much mistaken. No. I did not like to see you starve, at least my hus-band did not, and that is the only reason why you are here. Don't ever forget that but for me you would have died a death of starvation and gone into a pauper's grave." Poor Bertha never replied anything to these harsh, unfeeling words of her aunt, but she would work even more and more every day hoping that the woman would a last be satisfied and treat her more gently. But that was a vain hope. In her utter despair Bertha at last resolved to fly and find a situation as a servant in some other home. She was willing to work, but to be always scolded and punished for no cause ever was too hard even for the meekest girl to bear.

So, one night when her sunt and cousins had all retired to their beds, the poor orphan girl crept quietly from her little attic room and ran out of the house. It was a terrible night for anyone to be out, but Bertha had no fear. She knew that there could not be a place in the world as bad as the one she left, and whatever would befall her must be an improvement upon her

Bertha ran along the road all night, and the farther she went the fewer were the people and the houses she passed. At last, morning dawned over the hills, and when our lonely wanderer saw the sun, like a large, red ball, rise above the horizon, it gave her new hope and fresh energy. She ntinued her way until she arrived at an mmense, thick forest. For a moment she tood still thinking whether

thought that the peculiarity of our flowers would attract somebody, anyhow. Now you know how it happens that you are here. You need not be alarmed, be-cause no harm will come to you. Come wood or go another way. "I will sit down and eat the crust of bread I brought with me," she muttered to herself," and afterward I can decide what I



The Dancing Forest, She reclined on an elevation beside som brushwood and began to eat. On looking shout her she observed that the entire ground a very peculiar quality. The leaves and blossoms of the flowers were all shriveled up as if they had been touched by the frost, but the petals were covered in several places with a moisture of a reddish color. Bertha looked at these peculiar violets for some time in great astonishment. But wishing to examine the odd flowers a little closer she pulled several of them out by the roots. However, no sooner had she severed the last fiber and the stem was in her hand, when the entire wood seemed to be shaken by a supernatural emotion. The big oak trees swayed backward and forward as if they were being unrooted by a gigantic force. The smaller trees jumped out of the ground and commenced a regular dancing movement that resembled very much the antics of an Indian war dauce. The brushwood, however, being the slightest and lightest, literally flew out of the ground and hopped up and down like an india rubber doll suspended by an elastic string. The commotion lasted for about 15 of our trozen violets as a memento of this seconds, then suddenly it stopped and everything was as quiet as before. Bertha everything was as quiet as before. Bertha head When she got into the wood again. at on the ground and looked about herself in utter bewilderment. Her bread crust had faller from her trembling hand and big drops of perspiration began to gather on her forehead, for when she saw the entire forest

forehead, for when she saw the entire forest around her in motion she became afraid, like everybody else would, I suppose.

Now, however, all was over and the wood looked just as it had done before. But even while she was quietly thinking over what had happened, the hill on which Bertha was sitting opened up, and the poor was soon installed in her new home as the lady of the house. From that day Bertha's life was all happiness. She sent her ser vants all over the country to look for poor orphan girls and bring them to her. Under her care they were all brought up and educated to become useful and loveable women.

The fame of Bertha's kindness spread little orphan girl disappeared under the ground without having even a second to convery soon all over the country, and the king heard of it at last. One day he and his son, tider what was going to be done with her. The quick succession of these events was the prince, came to see her, and the young too much for Bertha. When the hill had opened up and she fell into the chasm she man at once fell in love with Bertha's beau tiful face, her graceful manners and sweet disposition. He asked her to become his wife, and when the wedding came off everybody said there never was such a beautiful bride as Bertha.

Her hard-hearted aunt and ugly cousing

lost her consciousness, and although it must be said, that she was not hurt by a heir of her head, still when she arrived at the ground of the hollow hill, she was insensi-ble. The place in which she had arrived was an enchanted country, however, that was inhabited by a very wonderful people some thousands of years ago. At the time when Bertha arrived here though, all of them had died except the queen of the nation, who now lived alone in this vast roalm bemoaning and bewailing the loss of her subjects. It had been an old tradition her subjects. It had been an old tradition in this country, that the population could only be established again by the appear-ance of a young orphan girl who was to come into this land. Another peculiarity of this wonderful country was that no flower had ever grown there except the violet. It was therefore the national flower of the people. But when the nation had died out all these flowers shriveled up and they literally cried tears like bloody dew to show their literally cried tears like bloody dew to show

hierally cried tears like bloody dew to show their sorrow for the people of this land.

Now the queen, who had heard Bertha ascend the hill under which the entrance into the country was hidden, had a great plan in her head when she noticed that. It was she who had opened the hill and let her come down, and she now appeared before the girl as she yet lay on the ground in an

RILEY ONCE A SIGN PAINTER. The Time When the Hoosier Poet Did Som Nice Jobs With a Brush. Warsaw Times.1

I have wondered a good many times how many people in Warsaw remember when James Whitcomb Riley was a resident of that place. It was in the spring of 1873, was a very poor girl, who well after she had somewhat recovered from her Riley was in town filling an engagement. Riley was in town filling an engagement, astonishment, the queen said to her:
"Welcome, my child, in the land of the or engagements, painting window signs. He was handy at this sort of thing, and did some nice jobs.

Later, with a very deft and cunning hand, he made drawings for his poems, which were as full of artistic strength and quaintness as his "Old Swimmin' Hole" is full of poetry. About this time the Indianian printed some little things of mine-picturesquely little, some of them, from a literary standpoint. But, out of charity or to encourage me, or to get rid of me, the rhymes were printed, and one day Biley and were talking about them while he was

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Listen and you shall hear. It is now over a thousand years ago when I and the people of my country had a terrible war with Ogo, the king from the land of the Weeping Willows. The war was caused by Ogo's subjects coming into our land and stealing several bunches of our violets. Of painting a sign for the boss jewelry store, near Mr. Wynant's drugstore.

In a mild friendly way, he was a trifle envious of my success in getting into print, and I posed beside him while he painted course such a thing was a grave offense upon ourselves, and we realized that only a the "RY" in jewelry, as a person whose lit-erary standing was assured. When he had bloody war could give us the opportunity of getting even with Ogo and his people. So the war was commenced in all its fury. A good many brave soldiers fell on both sides, but as we were in the majority, havmade a marine blue period, he took off his apron and we went over to the Wright House together to see a little bit of rhyme which he said he had there. He wanted my opinion and criticism on it, and as I had more opinion and criticism to give than ing twice as many soldiers as Ogo, we at last succeeded to gain a glorious victory. In the last battle Ogo himself was killed. But that was our misfortune, as you will see. Had we left him alive there would anything else, I was willing to nestow it even on a sign painter. Biley read the poem. It was called "The Argonaut," and, inexperienced as I was I knew that only a not have been much harm done. Ogo, you must know, had a daughter, who was one of the cleverest magicians and sorceresses that poet and a genius could have written it. I was unstinted in my praise, and I knew the Hoosier poet was born and was only wait-ing the recognition of the public, which in a few years it so magnificently and munificently gave.

this episode an abiding and deepnoted friendship was the result. I have met him since then, and haveread about all he has ever written, but nothing ever pleas-ed me so much—no "reading" I have ever heard of his—pleased me so well as that little poem, "The Argonaut," read one raw spring day up in a cold room by a curtain-less window in the Wright House block.

WOMEN AND THEIR VICTIMS. The Fashion of Wearing Birds as Trimmings For Bonnets.

The London Hospital, It was hoped some time ago that the fashion of wearing the dead bodies of birds as trimming for bonnets and hats was going out. Such a hope, apparently, is doomed to disappointment. Perhaps the day may come when people who have a little regard for such helpless creatures as birds will give them up to their fate. It really seems to be of no use to try to protect them. The loafer from the East End of London goes forth with hist cages and his lime, and catches them. He, however, mostly retains the male. The other bird murderer also goes torth on his cruel errand, and, by pre-lerence, catches and retains the female. He takes her in the nesting season, because the feathers are soft and beautiful then. What matters it to him that the victim is often the mother of a nest-full of helpless young, and that they are left in the nest to die starvation; to die while piteously crying out hour after hour for the mother that never came? The mother birds are killed and the young left to die of starvation, because certain women insist that it shall be so. Yet how gentle, and sympathetic, and tender those very women can pretend to be when it suits their good manners. How shocked they are by vulgarity; how horri-

fied by coarseness! If they could see themselves exactly as some men see them; could have it once driven in upon their conscience, that, in the estimation of all rational and right-feeling men, they are incomparably inferior to untaught African negroes, they might for one moment pause and reflect upon their worthlessness. Is it really, then, come to this: That a nineteenth century woman is so utterly selfish, so hopelessly without brains or feeling, and so incapable of learntree. I dare not come with you, because the sight of it would kill me, while it will not ing even the very elements of humanity, that she must and will have birds to adorn herself with, at whatever cost?

QUEER TREES.

Long Chains, Harrow Teeth, and a Scythe

Blade Found in Them. Among the queer things in Connecticut, says an Ansonia special to the New York Sun, are its trees. Up in Middletown last week it was necessary to cut down a tree in the rear of Dutting's cigar store. Several bricks were found imbedded in the roots, so

that only the corners were visible. Over in Cobalt a large and particularly straight tree was felled early in the fall, and last week it was drawn to the sawmill. After starting the saw the attendant heard a grating of the saw teeth, and stopped the mill. He tried another cut, but again the grating sound was heard, and he had to shut down again. Several further attempts to saw the length of the log proving futile the trunk was sawed across, and an old log chain and a dozen harrow teeth were dis-covered imbedded in the hard-grained

In Westfield a boulder weighing over half a ton is to be seen about ten feet from the ground in the crotch of an enormous apple tree, and old residents say that they can remember when that boulder could be sat upon, so near to the ground was it when

they were young.

A Saybrook farmer tells the story about his hanging a scythe in a maple tree several years ago, after a day's mowing. The scythe was left there all winter and the next sum-mer, until the time for having came round mer, until the time for haying came round again. On going to get the scythe he found the blade so deeply imbedded in the soft bark of the maple as to be immovable, and he let it remain. The tree is yet standing in the front yard of a fashionable residence in that village, and from each side of the trunk projects two arms, forming a letter T. apparently part of the tree themselves. The scythe blade has been entirely covered with bark. The handle of the scythe years ago hand. When she got into the wood again she noticed a magnificent eastle standing right before her, and a lot of beautiful girls

Out of Reach.

Buffalo Courier. Defendant's Lawyer-This case cannot go n, your Honor. The Court-It has been adjourned, Mr.

Choat, no less than eight times to accommodate you. I shall not permit any further delay. Take a jury.

Lawyer—But the Court has no jurisdic-

The Court-I shall like to know why not, Lawyer-Because my client has been dead

nearly a month.

The Court—Then I'm afraid the process of this Court, being written on paper, would be destroyed by fire before it got to him.

The case was dismissed



Improvised Messenger-"Message, cents; writing it out, 10 cents; envelope, 5 cents; inclosing, gumming and directing it, 18 cents; new pair of rubbers for boy, 50 cents; carriage hire, \$1; ringing the bell, 10 cents; use of pencil in signing name, 5 cents; £125 to £150, with perquisites of about £50 loafing on the way, 50 cents. Ante up from the sale of drippings and fats. There quick, old man; I'm in a hurry!"—Judge. is also a head coachman, at £60 to £80, un-

IRISH CASTLE LIFE.

What it Costs to Keep Up an Aristocratic Establishment.

SERVANTS AND THEIR SALARIES.

Grotesque Stateliness and a Military Rule in Hall and Nursery.

WHAT YOUTH GAINS BY STERN STYLES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. LIMERICK, IRELAND, March 25 .- High and low life among the aristocracy in the castles and great country residences of Ireland varies little from that in England. Occasionally one of these mammoth establishments is kept up wholly as the headquarters of a game preserve. In rare instances their owners fear their outraged tenantry to that degree that they never appear upon the Irish estate, contenting themselves in their London town houses, or at continental resorts, with the immense rentals wrung from the wretched holdings by agents even more heartless than the celebrated "Yallow Sam' Carson" in the pathetic tale of "The Poor Scholar." Many occupy their establishments the year round; for in Ireland, as well as in England, the nobility live at their splendid seats in the country. They would scorn to do else. Their ethics are exclusively devolved from their fondest dreams to which they cling, that they are still feudal lords. For such to reside in town is to descend to the utter debasement of burghers. With a great majority the London "season" largely controls their residence and its period here and elsewhere. Of this exclusive class, not far exceeding 1,000 heads of houses, practically owning and deriving the revenues from the entire landed possessions of Great Britain and Ireland, the Irish nobility, with which I include the English nobility owning great estates in Ireland, constitute a far more important factor than has been generally sup-IRISH CASTLE LIFE.

In the main, castle life in Ireland begins with the grouse shooting season in August, and lasts until the following May. With those "in the world" the period is much reduced. Many forsake the estates in February for the "first swim" in the metropolis. There is a delightful though quiet social period in London preceding Easter. But just before Easter Parliament adjourns, when back come the lords and ladies; or a trip to the Continent is taken. After Easter the full London tide sets in. When the "season" is at an end the guns of the titled sportsmen commence ringing in the North, and the house-life at the castles of Ireland

egins. Risking a paradox, high life at Irish castles begins and ends with that of the lowly. The number, wages and ways of the servants almost tell the story of their masters. First and foremost is the steward, who is responsible to milord and lady for the entire establishment, the servants, hiring of servants, and the purchase of all or-dinary necessities such as food, save all meats, which is invariably the perquisites of the cook. The steward receives £80, and an unlimited amount of noble blackguard-

ing, per year.

Next in importance, if not indeed the first, is the housekeeper. She is usually a maiden lady of severe age, or a widow culled from poor relations. She must be a person of infinite expediency, common sense, experience, and with a soul and physique of iron. She usually has entire charge of the detail of all domestic matters She receives from £20 to £25 per year, having from one to two assistants, called assistant housekeepers, whose yearly wages are from £12 to £16. In a general way, all the female servants of the castle are amenable to the head housekeeper, who is at no time of the year away from her

AN UNFORTUNATE PERSONAGE. The next of these in grade is perhaps the

governess. This necessary though un-fortunate person is usually a decayed lady, or an extraordinarily ambitious one of the "Becky Sharp" genus. It is she who is ex-pected to educate and form the manners and morals, to the age of 14, of the unbearable little whelps of nobility, who are as unlike your "little Lord Fauntleroys" of fiction, as the late "Mr. Crowley" of Central Park, New York, was unlike the dear gazelle of Moore. She must read, write, speak and teach all modern languages, and be able to instruct in the rudiments of Latin, Greek, the sciences and philosophy. She must sing, and teach vocal music, and play and instruct upon the piano and harp. In fact, she must be one of the most accomplished women in the world; at once the superior, companion and servant of her charges. Her panion and servant of her energies. Her compensation is £40 to £60 per annum, and opportunities for intrigue. In the greatest houses she is allowed two, and sometimes three, nursery maids at from £10 to £16

each.
There is an upper housemaid at £16; an under housemaid at £12; and from two to four assistant housemaids at £10; all really under control of the housekeeper. These bear much the same relation to the castle regime as do the chambermaids to that of our best American hotels. But the ladies' maids, who are responsible only to their mistresses, hold what are regarded as the most desirable positions; insomuch as, while the most exacting, and often the most shamelessly servile, duties are required of them, they receive from £30 to £50 per year; their opportunities for travel and sightseeing are unlimited; and the

ADVANTAGEOUS SECRETS their close relations to their noble mis tresses enable them to possess, are supposed to give them extraordinary substantial benefits. All lower female servants hold them in deadly hatred; the while longing for their places as almost equivalent to the honors of royalty itself. The temale servants also comprise a head laundress at £30, and two or three assistants at £12 each per year; an assistant cook, who must be equal in ability to the chef, and who receives £20; two additional assistant cooks, or kitchen maids, at £14; and two scullery maids at £12.

The head butler is a sort of generalissimo of the male servants of the household. A ly I am no coward." majestic bearing is a fortune to this fellow. He is the general-stand-around-and-look-awful of the castle; but must have an eye to the welfare of the guests and the character and behavior of his interiors. He is also the head waiter. He attends to the table and its proper setting and service at all times; presiding at the carving and other mysteries at the sideboard; for all of which he receives £75 per year. The under butler, at £35, has entire charge of the silver. It practically never leaves his hands or sight; as he not only delivers to, and receives from, the hands of the butler all pieces used, but washes, polishes, and sleeps along-side their receptacle cases in the pantry. During seasons of unusual entertainment, he also assists the head butler at meals. There are generally also a first, second and third footman. These receive about the same wages as the under butler. They clean milord's clothing, which a valet scorns to do save when his master travels, assist at meals as waiters, wash glass and silverware, are regarded as general help under the butlers and are, properly speaking, only footmen when on duty as such with the car-

MILORD'S MEN IN WAITING. Among the other male servants is nilord's valet, with well-known duties. A bright one receives £70 per year and will easily manage to secure as much more. Then there are the head cooks, to none of whom are paid one-fourth the price given by the American nouveau-riches to their recently imported chefs, who receive from

der whom are a second coachman at £25, a stud-groom at £50, and grooms, stablemen and helpers at from £10 to £20 each; and one or two "odd-men" who attend the servants' hall, carry baggage, clean boots and are a sort of everybodys' men to all belowstairs.

The whole number of servants at one The whole number of servants at one of these castles is therefore very large. I have only enumerated those directly serving the household itself, whose members may not number a half dozen, and in seasons of entertainment will not average more than two dozen souls. Yet from 30 to 55 persons are required to serve them. Added to these is an equal number in outdoor employment, of which I shall speak in the succeeding article, making a total of 50 to 75 servants on the payroll of an Irish estate of average pretensions; a sort of grim compensation in pretensions; a sort of grim compensation in expense, however, considering that I find the annual revenues derived by these im-poverished titled Irish landlords to range from \$100,000 to upward of \$1,000,000.

IRISH CASTLE BOUTINE. The ordinary daily routine at the castle The ordinary daily routine at the castle, when visitors are not being entertained, is distinguished by remarkable repose. Milord and lady, occupying apartments remote from each other, and always attended by valet and waiting-maid, who each sleep within call of voice or table-bell, rise at about 8 o'clock. After their bath and toilet, the latter being most informal and sensible weather permitting a stroll sensible, weather permitting, a stroll through the grounds is taken until breakfast. This is served with all possible ceremony between 9 and 10. The only actual duty, and this is imperative, either master or mistress ever assumes is approving the bills of fare, which milady generally con-sents to perform. These are usually ready the previous evening. Her maid informs the housekeeper, who informs the head housemaid, who sends an under housemaid to inform the cook that her ladyship is actually awake. The cook dispatches his assistant to secure a footman. He conveys the required slips to the butler, who seeks the maid, and the latter places them, with pencil, in the hands of her ladyship, who, still in bed, inspects, changes or approves at her leisure; then the bills of fare by another circuitous route finally reach the

Whatever the conjugal results of titled marital life may be, such a thing as genial, cordial affection is never exhibited before servants, children or friends. The associa-tion at meals, the home life, the conduct in all places, may be described as a never-end-ing period of sodden stateliness. Between breakfast and luncheon, which is served from 2 to 3 in the afternoon, her ladyship may write letters; pass a few hours in her library or music room; propriit her maid to ibrary, or music room; permit her maid to call her attention to portions of her trousseau of the last, or next, season; and finally undergo the tedium of a change in apparel for function. The while milord has attended to his correspondence; seen his agent; in rare instances admitted a vexatious deputation of tenants; and possibly inspected his hooting accouterments and the stud.

GROTESQUE STATELINESS.

Between luncheon and tea, either milord or milady, or both, may take a dash within the grounds in the saddle, seldom together, always with an attendant; or, still separate, with footmen in livery be driven in different directions over the surrounding country, in coaches, traps, or the elegant castle jaunt-ing-cars, returning in time for tea at 5; which is frequently taken without change of toilet. The rigor of dressing for dinner, and the solemn stateliness of that meal at and the solemn stateliness of that meal at 8 in the evening, are something so indescribably grotesque as to comfort a plebeian in his unaristocratic obscurity; and from the termination of dinner until the inmates of the castle retire, the possession of a palace with palatial appointments and an army of servants, cannot furnish a quietus to the slow tortures of indigestion, or still the sluggish artillery of hereditary yawns. The distinction between this every-day castle life and that when the place is thronged with guests, will be shown in the succeed-

ing article.

But whether the castle is asleep in its inane home-life, or is stirred by the presence of many poble visitors, its child-life ever remains the same. Children are almost exclusively reared without seeing their parents, save by chance. Their apartments are re-mote from the remainder of the household. Whatever their youth, they occupy separate sleeping rooms, adjoining the nursery which is usually sitting room, dining room, school and playroom combined, though they have the general run of the castle, within bounds, and always in charge of the governess or nursery maids.

MILITARY NURSERY RULE. The regime of meals and their service is as strict and formal as that with their elders. strict and formal as that with their elders. The governess is always with them at meals, and indeed practically never absent from them. Their study, play hours, meals, outings and hours for rising and retiring are as rigorously observed as at a military school. The clothing is wholly prepared under the direction of the governess. Her ladyship simply receives reports of discipline and progress. She is in no sense their mother. On rare occasions when her ladys mother. On rare occasions, when her lady-ship is alone, or when guests who are close friends are present, they are permitted to appear with their governess at the family table. But these occasions, while regarded as rewards, are dismally formal and austere. Some things these children gain. The vast grounds are full of sweetness, sunlight and song. They are kept in these every moment permissable from their studies. I believe them to be from infancy to their departure for school, and sometimes until their entree to noble society, the healthiest children and youths in the world. Something else is gained. As a rule, their compulsory and habitual abnegation before their elders prevent that insufferable arrogance and turbulent, insulting self-consciousness of the average petted and spoiled American youth. So, too, if they lose the society of their titled parents, they gain, within and without castle doors, if the same be not always retained, as I have seen in progress about these unduly grand places, a democracy of affection and a growth of in-nocent love among a host of rarely recip-rocative if quaint and simple folk.

EDGAR L. WAREMAN. Lula's Appeasement.

Binghampton Republican. "Coward! Lying-hearted man," hissed Lula d'Effington between her set teeth, when Richard Kurdaleeong replied that she could only be a sister to him.

"Lula, you are excited. Your words do not consist," replied Richard, calmly. "Trifler! Base ingrate, explain yourself," was all the girl could utter.
"If I am Richard the lyin' hearted, sure Another moment and he beheld the wan corpse of Lula d'Effington prone at his feet.

Last Words. Chicago Herald. 1

"What are you reading, Kate?" "Oh, it's one of the monthly magazines. Here's an interesting article on the last words of prominent men."
"The last words! Did they have any?" "Yes, of course."
"Where were their wives?"

A Discouraged Avenger

Mrs. Whitecap-So you've been down Wa-al, I want yer t' understan

HEAD VERSUS HEART.

How Wagner Came to Write His Peculiar Style of Opera-

A GREAT MAESTRO'S VENGEANCE.

An Immortal Man Born in Pittsburg When it Was Smoky.

SOME GOOD THINGS FOR THE LADIES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 There is musical war in the country. Before the ranks reach your territory you would better know what it is all about. Do you know the difference between friendship and love, gray color and red, straight lines and curves, arithmetic and a novel, geology and music, beer and wine, church and the theater, a schoolroom and a pienie, walking through shady lanes at twilight with a lover and talking science with professor in a library at noonday? Well, there you have the difference between the two fashions in music of to-day over which the ear artists and their disciples are waging such fierce uncivil war. The Wagnerian German head school and the Italian or heart school are the factions of the great terpsichorean commonwealth which are arrayed against each other.

The stalwart, intellectual, scientific, grammatical, unlovely, unloveable, but admirable, Wagnerian music is, in a sense, a reaction from the heart-stirring, heartsoothing, heart-feeding, heart-rending, sweet, singing succession of melodies of Italian lovelore. Back taste will go sure as dress waves ebb and flow, but for the present people do not seem to understand that it is but a fashion, that the subject is one with two sides, that their fight is very much like the one between the two boys as to the color of lobsters. One thing certain, the Wagnerian is at

present the best represented, the newest, the trongest-three elements of success not to be succeed at by an enemy. Just what would be the result of the appearance of an Italian maestro who could put the colors of his school properly before a humanity always more emotional than intellectual, there can be no doubt whatever, at least in my mind, which is an ardent lover of the novel, the theater, curved lines, red lights, the picuic and—the twilight walk.

HOW WAGNER FIXED THEM. Do you know, by the way, how Wagner came to write that peculiar style of opera? I never did till Harrison Millard told me. Have you ever noticed how easily a singer can gain control of the attention of an audience? And has it ever occurred to you how little he or she deserved it compared with an instrumental composer? When you think of it the work is altogether reproductive, like the copying of a picture; is of comparatively easy acquisition and dependent altogether upon the one little vein of voice, for which the owner is no way responsible. Com-pared with a composer who, beside being a creator must be an artist, a tremendous student and a musician of experience, you see the intrinsic merit of the vocalist

almost nothing. Well, the injustice of this struck deep into the soul of the good Wagner, who was nothing if not instrumental, and an intense jealousy against all vocalists sprang up jealousy against all vocalists sprang up within him. "Kreutz-donner-wetter! I will fix them!" he shouted, jumping into his great ink tub, jounsing up and down in his wrath, and splashing great ink notes upon his paper with which to kill them. So he bent all his envenomed musical strength upon the annihilation of the singer, placing the whole burden of vocalism upon his loved rchestra, and constituting his clarionet his chief prima donna. Then steeping the at-tention still further in magnificent scenic distraction, and making weird historical stories and mythical fables take the place of lovemaking, he seized phlegmatic and thick-throated Teutons by the neck, and hurling them upon the stage, cried: "Now, do your best, we shall see what will become of you!" And we see.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE.

! Consequently we have Wagnerian orchestration of unspeakable grandeur to anyone who will listen to it, but an opera of insufstage vocalism for his operatio happiness.

This is why Patti could not be induced under any consideration to sing in Wagnerian opera. This is what the teacher meant who enjoined his reluctant pupil to go nine times to hear "Tannhauser" daring to express an opinion upon it. This is why Robert G. Ingersoll can go into raptures over Wagner and can discourse by the hour upon "the wind," "the wave," "the forest storm," the "heart-throb" of the orchestra, as you might expect to hear a confirmed musical scholar talk. The fashion has "taken" because it is

new, because it is strong, because, although unloveable, it is majestically admirable, and because it opened up an avenue to con-troversy. "Fight over my work and my work is a success!" cries the maker of things and he is right.

We had a first-class opportunity of hear-

ing the two schools contrasted recently in Harrison Millard's interesting lecture upon "Fashions in Music," during which he gave examples of each style to illustrate his remarks. The chopped up, surprising, dis-sonant, homely, but coming-out-all-right Teutonic ballads produced an altogether different effect from the elastic, smoothly fluent roulades, turns and grace notes of the delicious love ballads which made us feel for the time, at least, that the best of earth's riches was

The sunny side of a sunny wall, With a sunny prospect full in view, And the ripest of mellow peaches divided Between us two.

PITTSBURG'S IMMORTAL MAN. A nice little tribute was paid the popular balladist upon his remarking that America had no national hymn. "Vive America had no national hymn. "Vive l'America, by Millard," cried some one in the audience. This was responded to by a graceful protest and the singing of the stirring lyric. Would you believe it, the song caricature "Shoo Fly" brought some \$35,000

Stephen C. Foster, the writer of "The Suwanee River," was a Pittsburg man of great musical genius, whose talent ran to ballad making, but had no financial sense whatever in it. Most of his beautiful songs were published for the mere pleasure of seeing them in print, and many more, alas! for a couple of days' board. He died in Bellevue Hospital, poor soul. He was an undersized man, with melancholy brown

It may not be uninteresting to singers of that beautiful ballad to know that in the original manuscript score the notes of the second measure, belonging to the words "Suwa-nee riv-er," are of exactly equal length-four quarter notes-not dotted "Suwa-nee-river," as we are accustomed to sing it. The name which he wrote for it, also, is "Old Folks at Home." The recurrence of the words "Suwanee river" christened it for many.

FROM MUSIC TO STYLES. Fashion Chat-for Ladies-A Sensible Bell-

-Pretty Things. Chantilly will be the favorite lace for summer dresses. The imported Empire designs are coming to us in "person lengths, that is, reaching from shoulder to foot in-stead of from waist line, as heretofore. This to accommodate the Grecian gown making, which is an established style so far. Some of them are 63 inches deep, with a border almost skirt deep. Leaves and sprays are

the favorites, with life-sized vines of all sorts. Lace mantles will also be very popular; this and the bewitching "Tosca scarf," made of five yards of India silk, bordered

with fringe and tied over the bosom after THE FIRESIDE SPHINX the fashion of the old-time pictures, in poke bonnet and short waist, which you

have seen. Accordeon plaiting is entering into everything and for all occasions. Next thing, I expect, is a material born already plaited. Straight lines are all in favor, and long, graceful sashes are being welcomed back. Handsome borders of contrasting colors are being sewn on plain cashmeres and wool goods; the effect in accordeon plaiting is very new. Silk not accordeon plaited over silk will be a fascinating feature of evening dresses; the effect is illusive and Egyptian.

SLEEVES AND GLOVES. Sleeves will all be full and fanciful. The leg-of-mutton, the frilled upper, the "burst sleeve" (showing dainty flesh tint or under fabric), and the irregular and broken puff will be indulged in largely.

Gloves are becoming hideously simple. Imagine a three-button length! Many are resigning the long mousquetairs so long a

Imagine a three-button length! Many are resiguing the long mousquetaire, so long a favorite, and some dainty dressers are taking back the original wrinkly Bernhardt, which has a closed wrist just like a stocking leg. (Just think of it—an irreverent dude the other day referred to our nice long evening gloves as "those long-legged fellows!") Have your gloves made to order. They last twice their price. The tendency of which I spoke in gentlemen's tendency of which I spoke in gentlemen's dressing, of distinctive dressing for different occasions and different times of the day, is coming to be observed by our lady folks as well. The Empire is pretty generally adapted for evening wear. The Empire itself would searcely recognize some of the itself would scarcely recognize some of the adaptations, but as long as the capital E is retained it is all right. The morning and street dress cannot be too rigid, simple, plain and severe. So modest are the ladies becoming that I look for the Spanish veil or mask for outdoor wear before long. Some picturesque costume is generally carried during that portion of the day, after morn-ing and before dinner. The "Louises" are called upon to contribute to the dinner cos-tume. Ah, me! I wonder if those royal personages of the name of Louis ever turn over and swear in their new incarnations that they should have been rendered immortal, not by their royalty, but by the clothes of

NO MORE HAT FUSS.

"Thank Heaven! No more hat fuss till next winter."

The pretty red lips were slightly puckered over the last nice new—bill, but the soft brown eyes rested happily and lovingly upon the last of four new head pieces which this wise little belle had, with commendable forethought, "got out of the way," before even the 28th of March, 1889.

"This year I am just going to get everything provided and done with early, so that when the time comes to go I can think what to do, not what to wear!" next winter."

to do, not what to wear!"

One was fine black, lace braid straw, of the "Soubrette" brand, the sole trimming a wreath of maple leaves, so young and juicy looking that one was tempted to chew them. Where they fasten was tied with a knot of the yellow-green grass, which, by the way,

always get in place of the green.

Two was a dark blue, plaited braid turbau, one of the very latest imports, with two long wings lying close, flat and forward along the side of the top.

. A FRENCHY BEAUTY. Three was a black braid turban, with velvet rim and rosette, upon which perched, life-sized, one black and one white butterfly—such a Frenchy touch—butterflies!

Four was a yellow-white Tuscan, with poke flare rim, short in the back. The poke was faced with white velvet not quite to the edge. On the edge was a narrow band of the same, leaving a strip of the straw be-tween to relieve the dead white. (It is those little things that make dress effective when reasonable.) The crown was trimmed in a very Frenchy cream-white ribbon, embroidered in moss rose buds. The ribbon was heavily clustered in the back, and from it fell a veil two yards in length of white silk dotted tulle. Along the crown, from back to front, lay the most realistic spray of saw. A cluster of the buds fell lusciously over the front rim, two or three got caught in the ribbon on the way, and three or four more remained tangled in the back bows. One single bud in its moss garnished the white velvet flare and gave character, that

of elegant simplicity, to the whole.

Some of you will see these pretty things before many moons, so there.
FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

BALLOON ADVENTURES. Professor King Gives Some Interesting Experiences Way Up in the Clouds. Nashville American.; To some extent rain retards upward pro-

gress, but I have made a number of ascensions in the face of storms. Snow, however, is much more of an obstacle, and in a short time will accummulate upon the top of the balloon sufficiently to drive it to the earth. The clouds are sometimes as much as 3,000 feet from top to bottom when the sky is entirely overcast. Often even above such a body of clouds may be seen smaller clouds with clear spaces in between. When with-in one of these spaces the sensation is that of being in a vault. With the solid anowy clouds below you and the smaller clouds around you being by perspective brought close around, it appears as if you were in a

I have been above the clouds during a snowstorm, and the light of the moon shin-ing so brightly through the rarified air pro-duced an illumination rather supernatural. I have very frequently passed through frozen clouds. This is where vapor has fallen below the freezing point and being I have very frequency frozen clouds. This is where vapor has fallen below the freezing point and being congealed into a substance resembling flour in appearance. This falls, and in doing so reaches a higher temperature, where the small particles are aggregated into flakes of snow.

When an amount he stayed, then of head bereft, Guickly disappeared; still a man was left whose head, too, cames off, and fell to the ground; Yet underneath, another man was found Who still may live. Here the trial ended, The prize was won for which they contended.

M. C. WOODFORD.

the appearance of a veil, and objects on the earth can be distinctly discerned from a position above them. I have never known of an instance in

which a balloon was hit by lightning. The thunder does not make a perceptibly greater noise than when you are on the ground. The sound proceeds from the upper layers of clouds, as does also the rain; and in many cases, when the lower strata appear very violent, perfect quiet there reigns, except for such motion as is produced by the rain falling through from above. The upper currents are most active, and a cyclone or a wild storm is perhaps produced according as those upper currents descend to or remain above the earth.

The Coming Exhibition

London Punch .] Smudyer (who thought he really would 'score" with his landscape this year)-Now, what ought I to get for it?

Art Critic (candid friend)—Three And pulls it all to pieces.

A Perilous Errand.



Officer (2 A. M.)—Here, what are you oing in this doorway? You must move Nupop-'Sh! I was only waiting for you. I'm going to rouse up this night drug-clerk, and I want protection. - Puck,

A Collection of Enizmatical Nots for Home Cracking.

Address communications for this descrimen

542-A SAGE ADMONITION.



In former days, so we are told, Then brass was brass, and gold was gold: And wool was wool, and leather, leather, And goods were made to stand the weather. -But in these days, when Shoddy's king, No ones, but those within the ring. But little know, or little care, What 'tis they eat, or drink, or wear, Yet sometimes things come to our knowledge. Not taught in church, or schools or college. But yesterday, I chanced to find A curious thing that struck my mind; A'curious thing that struck my mind;
Though well I knew, earth, sea, and ar
Were searched for things for man to wear,
Yet ne'er before had chanced to think
That cloth was made from naught but drink!
It seems in Dublin that famous city
Where drink is plenty, more's the pity,
Mixed ale and beer, and liquor strong,
Are woven in pieces wide and long;
Which cloth, the quality possesses,
When made in capes, in cloaks, or dresses,
Of turning wet, in stormy weather,
Like down of goose, or duckling's feather,
Perhaps so strange it should not seem,
Like life thought, or poet's dream,
For well we know, Eve's son dr daughter,
When full of gin, will take no water,
UNIONVILLE, CONN. M. C. WOODFORD,

543-A MYSTERIOUS FABRIC.

544-CHARADE. There stands a man of whom you've heard,
Behind him is an insect small;
But, strange to say, without a word,
The two together fall,
And then another sight is shown,
More durable than the other.

It is the precious diamond stone-The mingled two together:
O! who could think that living things
So soon could perrity?
But so it is; and nature brings
Open wonders to the eye.
ARTILIUS LAURENTIUS.

545-WHAT WAS IT.

As I was following a path, not long ago, leadsing into the woods, I suddenly came upon a barrier lying across the path, which checked my progress, and I was unable to proceed further in the direction that I had been going. This barrier was not stationary, as you may think, but was continually moving away from me; and yet, stand as long as I might, it would always lie before me, although it did not stop an instant in moving away from me. My weight was too great to pass over it, yot much heavier bodies than I could pass over it with ease. Without the substance of which this body was composed, no man could live, yet it causes the death of many people. This substance is continually rising in the air and then falling to the ground. Men can make this substance rise in the air and float like a feather, but none can make it come to the earth again after it is in a floating condition.

R. U. ONTOIT.

546-ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS. A schoolboy, Euclid was my dread, Its sines and tangents turned my head; Algebra, too, I am afraid Algebra, too, Was not my line. In mathematics, it was said. That I might shine.

This problem then to me was given: So take a third of six from seven That what remains will then be even; "Twas past my power, You try—perhaps it may enliven An idle hour.

Another one I call to mind: Take two from five, leave four behind;
A sum like that was sure to find
A dusty shelf.
I think the problem was designed
By satan's self.

The crowning task was still to come: Write down the number six and from The same take one, and leave the sum Remaining nine;
I found the task so troublesome
I couldn't shine.
W. WILSON MONTREAL, CAN.

547-TRANSMUTATION.

In these latter days of science and art,
The magician's skill takes no leading part,
Still many a juggler we yet may find
Tan purale the brain and startle the mind.
In a trial of skill not long ago
Between one who came from a land of snow,
And a wizard brown from Arabia's wand.
The latter held forth in his open hand
A bulbous plant which gay flowerets bore,
Simply a lovely plant, and nothing more.
But a second look, to our great surprise,
Revealed on its front with glittering eyes
A serpent's head, whose angry, rising crest
And darting tongue, struck terror to the breast,
With nimble fingers the magician tore
Off the serpent's head and threw on the floor,
When of reptile form we could find no trace,
But a radiant rainbow filled all the place.
Then the Northern wirard essayed his art
By pulling his head and body apart,
When an ancient Persian appeared to visw
Of whose tragic end the Bible tells true;
But a moment he stayed, then of head bereft,
Quickly disappeared; still a man was left
Whose head, too, came off, and fell to the

548-INVERTED TRIANGLE. Swimming (Obs.)
 Signs meaning slow Mus.)
 Small drums.
 Ago.
 To weary.
 Exclamations.
 A bone.
 A letter.
 A Box. 549-CONUNDRUM.

"Riddle me this and guess him if you can:"
Why is a wood pile like a frying pan?
Although both often have to do with stakes
(steaks),
The one who guesses that the clue forsakes. I will not tell you more, because I think
You'll catch the answer quicker than a wink,
OCONOMOWOC, WIS.
BITTER SWEET, 550-ANAGRAM.

The dread destroyer goes abroad.
He crushes spire and dome;
He deals destruction with his rod,
And he will not "SHIELD ROME."
NELSONIAN.

TWO PRIZES FOR APRIL A handsome and very desirable prize will be awarded for each of the best two lots of answers to the Sphinx nuts published during April. The solutions must be forwarded weekly, and full credit will be given each com-ANSWERS.

534-The evolution theory. 534—The evolution theory,
535—Disinterestedness,
535—It-em, em-it, m-it-e, ti-me,
537—Elaps: L Lapee, 2 Lepas, 3 Lapet,
4 Paies, 5 Leaps, 6 Salep, 7, Peals, 8 Pleas,
9, Slape, 10, Spale,
538—She is out of-ten,
538—L A B Q B Fair Warning.

Life. J She-You must never let father see you put your arm around my waist. He-Why, would he be so angry? She-No, dear; but he would try to born row some money from you.